PHILANTHES:

A

MONODY.

1752

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Inſcribed to Miſs D—y H—y.

Occaſioned by a Series of intereſting Events which happened at *Dumfries* on *Friday*, *June* 12. 1752, particularly that of her Father's Death.

ARGUMENT.

THE Subject propoſed. Addreſs to Miſs H—Y. *General Reflexions inſpir'd by the Subject, and previous to it. The Scene opens with a Proſpect of Mrs.* M———N's *Funeral Solemnity; and changes to the untimely Fate of a beautiful Youth, Son to Mr.* J—S H—LL, *whoſe early Genius, quick Progreſs in Learning, and gentle Diſpoſitions, inſpired his Friends with the higheſt Expectations of his riper Attainments. Tranſition to the Death of Dr.* J—S H—Y *Phyſician: His Character as ſuch: The general Sorrow occaſioned by his Fate: His Character as a Friend, as particularly qualified to ſooth Diſtreſs; as a Gentleman; as an Huſband; as a Father: His Loſs conſidered in all theſe Relations, particularly as ſuſtained by Miſs* H—Y: *Her tender Care of him during his Sickneſs deſcribed. The Piece concludes with an Apotheoſis in imitation of* VIRGIL's DAPHNIS.

PHILANTHES.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus MELPOMENE, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

HORAT.

A Swain, whoſe Soul the tuneful Nine inflame,
As to his Weſtern Goal the Sun declin'd,
Sung to the liſt'ning Shades no common Theme;
While the hoarſe Breathings of the hollow Wind,
And deep reſounding Surge in Concert join'd.
Deep was the Surge, and deep the plaintive Song,
While all the ſolemn Scene in mute Attention hung.

Nor thou, fair Victim of ſo juſt a Woe,
Tho' ſtill the Pangs of Nature ſwell thy Heart,
Diſdain the faithful Muſe; whoſe Numbers flow
Sacred alas! to ſympathetic Smart:
For in thy Griefs the Muſes claim a Part.
'Tis all they can, in ſocial Tears to mourn,
And deck with Cypreſs Wreaths thy dear paternal Urn.

The Swain began, while conſcious Echoes round
Protract to ſadder Length his doleful Lay.
Roll on, ye Streams, in Cadence more profound:
Ye humid Vapours, veil the Face of Day:
O'er all the mournful Plain
Let Night and Sorrow reign:
For * Pan indignant from his Fields retires,
Once Haunts of gay Delight;
Now every Senſe they fright,
Reſound with Shrieks of Fate, and blaze with fun'ral Fires.

* God of Arcadia, who peculiarly preſides over Rural Life.

WHAT tho' the radiant Sun and clement Sky
Alternate Warmth and Show'rs diſpenſe below;
Tho' Spring preſages to the careful Eye,
That Autumn copious with her Fruits ſhall glow;
For us in vain her richeſt Bleſſings flow:
To eaſe the bleeding Heart, alas! in vain
Rich ſwells the purple Grape, or waves the golden Grain.

WHAT Summer's Breeze, on ſwifteſt Pinions born,
From Fate's relentleſs Hand its Prey can ſave?
What Sun in Death's dark Regions wake the Morn,
Or warm the cold Receſſes of the Grave?
Ah! wretched Man, whoſe Breaſt ſcarce learns to heave
With kindling Life; whene'er thy Bud is blown,
Eternal Winter breathes, and all its Sweets are gone.

THOU all-enliv'ning Flame, intenſely bright,
Whoſe ſacred Beams illume each wand'ring Sphere,
That thro' high Heav'n reflects thy trembling Light,
Conducting round this Globe the varied Year;
As ye purſue your Way,
Let this revolving Day,
Deep ting'd with conſcious Gloom, roll ſlow along:
In ſable Pomp array'd,
Let Night diffuſe her Shade,
Nor ſport the chearleſs Hind, nor chant the vocal Throng.

Scarce from the Ardor of the mid-day Gleam
Had panting Nature in the Cool reſpir'd;
Scarce by the Margin of the Silver Stream
Faint ſung the Birds in verdant Copes retir'd;
Scarce o'er the thirſty Field with Sun-ſhine fir'd,
Had Ev'ning Gales the ſportive Wing eſſay'd,
When Sounds of hopeleſs Woe the ſilent Scene invade.

Sophronia, long for every Virtue dear
That grac'd the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend,
Depriv'd of Life, now preſs'd the mournful Bier,
In ſad Proceſſion to the Tomb ſuſtain'd.
Ah me! in vain to Heaven and Earth complain'd
With tender Cries her num'rous orphan Train;
The Tears of wedded Love profuſe were ſhed in vain.

For her was Grief on every Face impreſs'd;
For her each Boſom heav'd with tender Sighs:
An Huſband late with all her Virtues bleſs'd,
And weeping Race in ſad Ideas riſe:
For her depreſs'd and pale,
Your Charms, ye Graces, veil,
Whom to adorn was once your chief Delight:
Ye Virtues all deplore
Your Image, now no more,
And * Hymen quench thy Torch in Tears and endleſs Night.

Nor

* God of Marriage.

Nor yet theſe diſmal Proſpects diſappear,
When o'er the weeping Plain new Horrors riſe,
And louder Accents pierce each frighted Ear,
Accents of Grief imbitter'd by Surprize,
Frantic with Woe, at once the Tumult flies,
To ſnatch Adonis waſh'd along the Stream,
And all th' extended Bank re-echoes to his Name.

Rang'd on the Brink the weeping Matrons ſtand,
The lovely Wreck of Fortune to ſurvey,
While o'er the Flood he wav'd his beauteous Hand,
Or in convulſive Anguiſh ſtruggling lay.
By ſlow Degrees they view'd his Force decay,
In fruitleſs Efforts to regain the Shore:
They view'd and mourn'd his Fate; O Heaven!
they could no more.

Ye * Naiads, Guardians of the fatal Flood,
Was Beauty, Sweetneſs, Youth, no more your Care?
For Beauty, Sweetneſs, Youth, your Pity woo'd,
Powerful to charm, if Fate could learn to ſpare.
Stretch'd on cold Earth he lies,
While in his cloſing Eyes,
No more the Heav'n-illumin'd Luſtre ſhines;
His Cheek, once Nature's Pride,
With blooming Roſes dy'd,
To unrelenting Fate its op'ning Bluſh reſigns.

Dear

* River Goddeſſes.

DEAR hapleſs Youth, what felt thy Mother's Heart,
When in her View thy lifeleſs Form was laid?
Such Anguiſh when the Soul and Body part,
Such agonizing Pangs the Frame invade;
Was there no Hand, ſhe cry'd, my Child to aid?
Could Heav'n and Earth unmov'd his Fall ſurvey,
Nor from th' inſatiate Waves redeem their lovely Prey?

DID I for this my tend'reſt Cares employ,
To nouriſh and inſtruct thy early Bloom?
Are all my riſing Hopes, my promis'd Joy,
Extinct in Death's inexorable Gloom?
No more ſhall Life thoſe faded Charms relume,
Dear rip'ning Sweetneſs, ſunk no more to riſe;
Thee Nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal Eyes.

FORTUNE and Life, your Gifts how inſecure!
How fair you promiſe! but how ill perform;
Like tender Fruit, they periſh premature,
Scorch'd by the Beam, or whelm'd beneath the Storm:
For thee a Fate more kind,
Thy Mother's Hopes aſſign'd,
Than thus to ſink in early Youth deplor'd;
But late thou fled'ſt my Sight,
Thy Parents dear Delight:
And art thou to my Arms, ah! art thou thus reſtor'd?

SEVERE thoſe Ills, yet heavier ſtill impend,
That wound with livelier Grief the ſmarting Soul:
As, e're the long-collected Storm deſcend,
Red Lightnings flaſh, and Thunder ſhakes the Pole;
Portentuous, ſolemn, loud its Murmurs roll,
While from the ſubject Field the trembling Hind
Views inſtant Ruin threat the Labours of Mankind.

FOR ſcarce the bitter Sigh and deep'ning Groan
In fainter Cadence died away in Air,
When lo! by Fate a deadlier Shaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry Source of deep Deſpair:
As yet our Souls thoſe recent Sorrows ſhare,
Swift from th' adjacent Field MENALCAS flies,
While Grief impells his Steps, and Tears bedew his Eyes.

WEEP on, he cry'd, let Tears no Meaſure know,
Hence from thoſe Fields let Pleaſure wing her Way:
Ye Shades, be hallow'd from this Hour to Woe:
No more with Summer's Pride, ye Meads, be gay.
Ah! why, with Sweetneſs crown'd,
Should Summer ſmile around?
PHILANTHES now is number'd with the dead:
Young Health, all drown'd in Tears,
A livid Paleneſs wears;
Dim are her radiant Eyes, and all her Roſes fade.

HIM

HIM bright * HYGEIA, in Life's early Dawn,
Thro' Nature's fav'rite Walks with Tranſport led,
Thro' Woods umbrageous, or the op'ning Lawn,
Or where freſh Fountains lave the flow'ry Mead:
There Summer's Treaſures to his View diſplay'd
What Herbs and Flow'rs ſalubrious Juice beſtow,
Along the lowly Vale, or Mountain's arduous Brow.

THE paralytic Nerve his Art confeſs'd,
Quick-panting Aſthma, and Conſumption pale:
Corroſive Pain he ſoften'd into Reſt,
And bade the Fever's Rage no more prevail.
Unhappy Art! decreed at laſt to fail,
Why linger'd then thy ſalutary Pow'r,
Nor from a Life ſo dear repell'd the deſtin'd Hour?

YOUR Griefs, O Love and Friendſhip, how ſevere!
When high to Heav'n his Soul purſued her Flight;
Your moving Plaints ſtill vibrate on my Ear,
Still the ſad Viſion ſwims before my Sight.
O'er all the mournful Scene,
Inconſolable Pain,
In ev'ry various Form appear'd expreſs'd:
The Tear-diſtilling Eye,
The long, deep, broken Sigh,
Diſſolv'd each tender Soul, and heav'd in ev'ry Breaſt.

SUCH

* Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS, and Goddeſs of Health.

Such were their Woes, and Oh! how juſt, how due!
What Tears could equal ſuch immenſe Diſtreſs?
Time, Cure of lighter Ills, muſt ours renew,
And Years the Senſe of what we loſe increaſe.
From whom ſhall now the Wretched hope Redreſs?
Religion where a nobler Subject find,
So favour'd of the Skies, ſo dear to human Kind?

Fair Friendship, ſmiling on his natal Hour,
The Babe ſelected in her ſacred Train;
She bade him round diffuſive Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And in his Boſom fix'd her fav'rite Fan:
In Glory thence how ſtrong, yet how ſerene,
Her vital Influence ſpread its chearing Rays;
Worth felt the genial Beam, and ripen'd in the Blaze.

As lucid Streams refreſh the ſmiling Plain,
Op'ning the Flow'rs that on their Borders grow;
As grateful to the Herb, deſcending Rain,
That ſhrunk and wither'd in the Solar Glow;
So when his Voice was heard,
Affliction diſappear'd;
Pleaſure with raviſh'd Ears imbib'd the Sound;
Grief with its Sweetneſs ſooth'd,
Each cloudy Feature ſmooth'd,
And ever-waking Care forgot th' eternal Wound.

Such Elegance of Taſte, ſuch graceful Eaſe,
Infus'd by Heav'n, thro' all his Manners ſhone;
In him it ſeem'd to join whate'er could pleaſe,
And plan the full Perfection from its own:
He other Fields and other Swains had known,
Gentle as thoſe of old by * Phoebus taught,
When poliſh'd with his Lute, like him they ſpoke
and thought.

Thus form'd alike to bleſs, and to be bleſs'd,
Such heav'nly Graces kindred Graces found;
Her gentle Turn the ſame, the ſame her Taſte,
With equal Worth, and equal Candour crown'd:
Long may ſhe ſearch Creation's ample Round,
The Joys of ſuch a Friendſhip to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to Joy ſhe lives no more.

As Nature to her Works ſupremely kind,
His tender Soul with all the Parent glow'd;
On all his Race, his Goodneſs unconfin'd,
One full exhauſtleſs Stream of Fondneſs flow'd;
Pleas'd as each Genius roſe
New Proſpects to diſcloſe,
To form the Mind, and raiſe its gen'rous Aim;
His Thoughts, with Virtue warm'd,
At once inſpir'd, and charm'd;
His Looks, his Words, his Smiles transfus'd the ſacred Flame.

* He was ſaid to poliſh the Swains, when, in revenge for forging the Bolt which killed his Son, he ſlew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the Flocks of Admetus.

SAY ye, whoſe Minds for long revolving Years
The Joys of ſweet Society have known,
Whoſe mutual Fondneſs ev'ry Hour endears,
Whoſe Pains, whoſe Pleaſures, and whoſe Souls are one;
O! ſay, for you can judge, and you alone,
What Anguiſh pierc'd his widow'd Conſort's Heart,
When from her dearer Self for ever doom'd to part.

HIS Children to the Scene of Death repair,
While more than filial Sorrow bathes their Eyes;
His Smiles indulgent, his paternal Care,
In ſadly pleaſing Recollection riſe:
But young DORINDA, with diſtinguiſh'd Sighs,
Effuſing all her Soul in ſoft Regret,
Seems, while ſhe mourns his Loſs, to ſhare a Father's Fate.

WHETHER the Day its wonted Courſe renew'd,
Or Mid-night Vigils wrapt the World in Shade,
Her tender Taſk aſſiduous ſhe purſu'd,
To ſooth his Anguiſh, or his Wants to aid;
To ſoften ev'ry Pain,
The meaning Look explain,
And ſcan the forming Wiſh e're yet expreſs'd:
The dying Father ſmil'd
With Fondneſs on his Child,
And when his Tongue was mute, his Eyes her Goodneſs bleſs'd.

AT

At length, fair Mourner, ceaſe thy riſing Woe,
Its Object ſtill ſurviving ſeeks the Skies,
Where brighter Suns in happier Climates glow,
And ampler Scenes with height'ning Charms ſurpriſe:
There perfect Life thy much lov'd Sire enjoys,
The Life of Gods, exempt from Grief and Pain,
Where in immortal Breaſts immortal Tranſports reign.

Ye mourning Swains, your loud Complaints forbear;
Still he, the Genius of our green Retreat,
Shall with benignant Care our Labours cheer,
And baniſh far each Shock of adverſe Fate;
Mild Suns and gentle Show'rs on Spring ſhall wait,
His Hand with ev'ry Fruit ſhall Autumn ſtore:
In Heav'n your Patron reigns, ye Shepherds, weep
no more.

Henceforth his Pow'r ſhall with your * Lares join,
To bid your Cots with Peace and Pleaſure ſmile;
To bid Diſeaſe and Languor ceaſe to pine,
And fair Abundance crown each rural Toil:
While Birds their Lays reſume,
And Spring her annual Bloom,
Let verdant Wreaths his ſacred Tomb adorn;
To him, each riſing Day,
Devout Libations pay:
In Heav'n your Patron reigns, no more, ye Shepherds, mourn.

* Domeſtic Gods.

The END.

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